Catastrophilia

Once, so drunk I spoke spontaneous Danish—
in an ecstasy, I baffled our arresting officer,
who pardoned me in his best Iowan, and sent us
down the road. For it had come to this,
sweet exile and an occasional citation for
public exposure, and Tuesday Night Euchre,
which I’d grown to love I must confess.
That, and the lovely, the fatal, Olga Skuladottir,
quick-fingered artist stranded there
in the heartland, laconic shuffler of cards and men,
praying for tornadoes, whose sirens flared
over hilltops, it seemed, as dawn approached,
& dimmed as we’d descend to our disaster stations
of painted cinder block, naked & far from God.